

The Times-Dispatch

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1913.

FINDING US OF FEES.

Discussion of the fee system in Virginia, which was begun by The Times-Dispatch in 1905, has caused much better feeling and has led to much information and reformation, but it has established certain facts beyond controversy. As we see these facts, they are:

1. That the State is burdening worthy litigants by the fees it exacts of them before they can get justice in our courts of law.

2. That a number of officers are receiving fees in excess of a proper return for services rendered, but that the number is relatively small.

3. That this small number of officers receiving excessive financial return in fees is not composed of those who do the most valuable or the most technical work, but of those who occupy lesser and comparatively unimportant offices.

For our part, we believe, in addition, that the fee system, as a whole, is uneconomical in theory and unequal in operation, but we pass this by for the time being. Arguing, then, from what all are willing to concede, what is the proper method of freeing us of fees?

In answering this question, we know that we must not expect to upset what we wish or to change by a single act of Assembly the growth of years. We must rather proceed sanely, step by step, and with all just regard for the welfare of the Commonwealth as a whole. Instead of jousting with windmills, we must study the fact, and must consolidate every possible interest in behalf of economical and business-like administration of public affairs.

To this end, and with all respect for those who propose different plans, we would present to our contemporaries the following method of procedure:

1. Let us get accurate and full information regarding the gross and net return from every office paid in whole or in part by fees. To accomplish this, we must pass a resolution similar to that introduced by Senator West in the last Assembly, but we must make this mandatory, under proper sanction, must make it apply to all, and should require an audit by the State Accountant of all fee books.

2. In the meantime, and while full information is being gathered, let us reform those scattered offices where the fees are notoriously in excess of a proper return—such offices as those of the city sergeants, the clerks of certain courts, and the like. Just here there is a legal question to be considered—whether or not the Assembly can pass an act which will apply to certain officers and not to others. If such a law be found unconstitutional, this part of the plan must be abandoned, and the whole readjusted accordingly. But if, as many lawyers hold, such a law is valid, and the test of the courts, it should be adopted.

3. After the effects of this have been tried, and after we have evidence from the whole State, based on the reports of all officers receiving fees, let us require that all fees in excess of amounts designated by the Assembly be paid into the treasury. Upon mature deliberation, we are led to recommend this course for the present, rather than the more-favored plan of specific salaries for all officers. And we do so for this reason: some of our officers now receiving fees get so little that they would be humiliated to accept the place on a salary no greater than the present return in fees. This seems strange, but it is, in the judgment of those who would know, indubitable; and it applies especially to attorneys for the Commonwealth. In the circumstances, we do not think it would be policy to put all on a salary basis until we are prepared to raise the salaries of those who receive so little, just as we plan to reduce the salaries of those who get too much.

We submit these suggestions for the criticism of press and public in the sincere hope that a definite and constructive policy may be evolved before the Assembly meets.

Mr. Carnegie's world peace place erected at The Hague at a cost of \$1,000,000 has just been dedicated. All that is now lacking is world's peace.

Governor (2) Sulzer and Governor (3) Glynn will note that they are sliding rapidly to the bottom of the next page.

A Baltimore society woman says newspaper men, lawyers and naval officers make the best husbands. It is because they are absent from home more than the others?

Mrs. Pankhurst has been so little affected by her hunger strike as to cause suspicion that she took a preliminary course of training at a college mess-hall or common.

Will Willie Sulzer's troubles never cease? Governor Hale Clear of South Carolina, has officially recognized him as Governor of New York.

THE NEW HAVEN WRECK.

We wonder how much the mental state of the employees had to do with the wreck near New Haven last Tuesday.

Unless railroad men are very much unlike workers in every other field, the chances are that they had been expecting some such smash-up. Ever since the Stamford wreck of June 12, as our readers will recall, the New Haven has been under fire. The coroner's inquest, the investigation by the Interstate Commerce Commission and newspaper agitation led the public to believe that the New Haven system was in a complete state of chaos. Naturally the trainmen talked over the situation in the roundhouses, in the dispatchers' offices, wherever they met; naturally, too, every man wondered if the accident which superstition told them would follow that at Stamford would be on their run; naturally, it would seem, when the torpedoes exploded on the track, the crew of the ill-fated train had it flash over them that they were doomed.

Be this and later developments as they may, directly or indirectly, the disorganized condition of the New York, New Haven and Hartford is responsible for the disaster that cost the lives of twenty-five and brought injury to almost half a hundred. Men in no line of business can do effective work when they feel that the management is changing, and that shake-ups are impending, and that every servant of the corporation is in danger of losing his place. Co-operation, in a word, is possible only where there is general confidence.

We wonder, too, whether or not this wreck will lead to that legislation which will prevent such loss of life. Yet, when we remember the history of all such efforts to arouse the public in the past, we must confess we are not very hopeful. We let warnings pass without protecting our ocean navigation; we saw 1,600 brave men and women perish on the Titanic, and then we raised a cry for safety requirements that would prevent such catastrophes in the future. A year has passed since the Titanic went down, and what has happened? We have forgotten the lessons learned at the price of so much valor and sacrifice; we have put on our statute books scarcely a single effective measure for life-saving at sea. So it has been with the outbursts of public indignation that have followed our land wrecks. We demand investigations, urge legislation, criticize those who fail to give us what we demand—and promptly forget.

This does not mean, however, that we should be equally forgetful in the future. It rather means that we must not allow our zeal to die when memory begins to shade toward forgetfulness. We must keep ever before us the dismal truth that for every day that passes we kill ten men on the railroads of America!

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

The Religious Herald of this week comments very impressively upon a recent communication printed in the "Voice of the People" column of this paper, in which communication a writer took occasion to criticize Holy Writ. The Herald knows Journalism and knows The Times-Dispatch too well to presume for a moment that the article in question reflected the sentiment of this paper or was approved by us in any way. On the contrary, as we trust the Herald understands, we accord with its own answer to our correspondent.

Over and over again we print on this page letters from persons with whose views we do not agree. This we do because we wish our readers to feel that The Times-Dispatch is open to them, within reasonable bounds, for the discussion of questions of general interest. We give to their letters as much space as we can, and shall give even more in the future; we devote special attention to the correspondence this column brings on, comment on such letters as we think deserve attention, and always welcome proper communications. But the publication of an article under the caption "Voice of the People" must always be understood as an expression of the writer's sentiment rather than as that of The Times-Dispatch. Above all else must this be borne in mind when we admit occasional letters on religious topics.

The Herald doubtless appreciates this and does not criticize us for printing the article to which it takes exception; but lest some of our readers may not be as familiar as is the Herald with matters of this sort, we wish to make it plain that the Voice of the People is not necessarily the Voice of The Times-Dispatch.

Since he went into office, Postmaster-General Burleson has appointed an average of thirty-two postmasters a day, but the boys at the pie counter are not accusing him of exceeding the speed limit.

"Why will not New York make Canada or Virginia a present of Harry Thaw? If he were ours, we would give him to the first applicant and provide a chronicle to go with him," avers the Jacksonville Times-Union. So would we.

Gaul is the latest prescription for bonovity. Dr. Gundrum, royal health commissioner of Croatia, says that he who eats tschodakova and tschodakova tschodak—garlic and garlic soup—will trot up to the century post like a two-year-old. The Bulgarians enjoy this food three times daily, prepared with vinegar and paprika. Most other folks, however, would rather die than die thusly.

Colonel Roosevelt reports that he was "delighted with the snake dance as given by the Hopi Indians," but it is understood that he left untouched the great American snakebite medicine. Dr. Lyman Abbott not being present, as a potential witness to the negligible amount consumed by his Contributing Editor.

NEARING THE GOAL.

Now that Labor Day has come and gone with its myriads of perspiring, wildly-cheering moters, the big leagues are settling to the home stretch with eyes fixed on the prize money that hangs from the top of the pennant pole.

But few are the eyes that look in hope. Those gallant souls of the City of Churches, who dreamed of a flag where none had waved for years, have awoke to the grim realities of the life, well-settled in sixth place; those hard-hitting Philites, who hoped that the world's series might be a Quaker affair, are envious now of their Athletic brothers; the Red Sox have so long on humble pie that they view the end with resignation; the Senators—hope of Richmond fans—have reconciled themselves to third place and are hoping at best to displace the Naps. In other words, we have the word of the experts that all is over except raking in the dollars and awarding the pennants. Interest now is fixed on the world's series, and upon the prospect that Homerun Baker will send one over the moveable fence that Grantland Rice alleges the Giants are building.

It has been a good season, and there is enough of it left yet to give nourishment to those of our readers who feed on box scores. It has brought its surprises and its disappointments; it has witnessed the appearance of new stars and the eclipse of ancient luminaries. It has witnessed Honus Wagner on the bench for weeks and Nap Lajoie nursing his shanks while another played second. But it has seen nothing more spectacular than the splendid showing of Richmond's pride, Joe Boehling, unless it be the marvelous record of his team-mate, the mighty Johnson.

Locally, we have little to say. Petersburg will be the winner beyond a doubt; Roanoke has usurped second place; we can only hope to hold our own on the third round of the ladder. There is weeping in Fulton and sorrow in Sidney; the fans of Glinter Park are heavy-hearted and the locals of the Southside smile no more. Heinie Busch and Doc Presley have proven themselves our masters. Sandy Piez is gone, and Jawn Riley is on first no more. The only joy Richmond fans have in prospect—ere we dream of another season—is that of welcoming Joe Boehling home. And what are the fans doing about that?

WHAT DOES "MOVE ON" MEAN?

On April 12, 1909, the Mayor of Richmond approved a very pointed ordinance in the following terms: "That any person or persons loitering or standing on the street, sidewalk or curb shall move on or separate when required so to do by any member of the police force, and cease to occupy such position on the street, sidewalk or curb, under the penalty of not less than \$2 nor more than \$50, and, in addition, in the discretion of the Police Justice, may be confined in jail not exceeding thirty days."

This is a mandatory ordinance, and seems to give ample authority to the police, but it is enforced? Pass down Broad Street from Sixth to Ninth any evening after dark and see for yourself. You will find the curb lined with young men, smoking, chewing gum, laughing and eving passersby. If you take the pains, you may count perhaps fifty on a single side of the street, and if you have the patience to wait you will find the army recruited until after the theatres close.

Some of these men are on the street for business—though few who have work to do can linger so long—others are waiting for street cars, others are expecting friends to join them for the theatre. The vast majority, however, sinister and insistent, are loafing and watching—for what, we know not. If a woman passes down the street, she must run the gauntlet of 200 staring eyes; if she mounts the step of a street car, she may be sure that these loafers are following her every movement; if she is at all careless, she will meet challenging glances.

These are nightly conditions, familiar to all. These are men "loitering or standing on the street, sidewalk or curb" within the meaning of the law. And if these are not those who must move on, what does move on mean?

OUR GRATITUDE FOR PEACE.

There is an extremely noble sentiment back of the proposed celebration in Richmond of one hundred years of peace between this country and England. As is explained this morning in our news columns, instead of holding an exposition or a single great public gathering to commemorate the centenary of the Peace of Ghent, wise men plan to have meetings in various parts of America and England, the purpose of which shall be to plan peace for the future.

No better place than Richmond could be chosen for one of these meetings, for in Richmond lived that great American, John Marshall, who ranks with the foremost of the world's peace advocates. In addition, we have buried around the city more than 50,000 Americans whose bones cry out for peace among men.

Richmond people, mindful of this heritage, will gladly attend the meeting at the Jefferson to-night, and will lend their best energies to make the proposed gathering a success.

The world waits for peace. Millions of men, torn from farms and factories, are crushed beneath the weight of the rifle; millions of mothers demand their sons; the nations groan to pay the cost of new armaments. In striving to change these conditions, we labor to hasten the coming of the kingdom. What a blessing it will be to the world if "in this place I will give peace."

ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT

By ROY K. MOULTON.

The Diary of a Houseboat.
My neighbor is one of those motorboat experts who do not know the difference between the eccentric and the aspidochelone. He knows more about motorboats than that Oscar Underwood knows about agate and zinc, when he is conversing with you in the safety and privacy of your own house, far from the more or less raging main. Once in the boat he becomes the rankest tyro that motorboatdom ever knew, and motorboatdom has known a few.

I had heard nothing, but motorboat I had heard of, and my neighbor had told me that he was going to buy a motorboat. The things he told me about gasoline engines, horsepower and wind resistance were sufficient to have entitled him to the Nobel peace prize for motorboatcraft. If there is any such prize, I heard motorboat over the back fence while we were hoeing our garden, and motorboat over the front hedge while we were moving our lawns. Yesterday he got me into the boat. Something told me to stay at home and weed the onions. Perhaps it was the subconscious mind or the sixth sense or the fourth dimension. Anyhow it gave me the best hunch I have had in nine years.

Everything that could have happened to a motorboat in five years happened to that one before we had proceeded more than two miles out in the lake. According to my neighbor's story, nothing had ever happened to it before, but the most ardent pessimist could not have hoped for more to happen this time.

My neighbor, with his head somewhere under the engine and his feet hanging over the side of the boat, and occasionally dipping into the water, was telling me that the water was when there was a swell, used language that Uncle Noah Webster could not have put into his books and got it through the mists. I thought that the only thing that didn't go wrong about the boat was the flagstaff. It seemed to work beautifully all the time that we were out. The differential crashed through the windshield, the carburetor blew up and smashed the eccentric, the differential got foul of the oiling system, and the bogardetich caught on the gear-chilliker and twisted the drive shaft off from the propeller. Doubtless other things happened, but these were the things which would live in the memory of an amateur like myself. This was at 10 o'clock in the morning. At 10 o'clock at night we were picked up by a fisherman after we had drifted out in the lake until the city lights twinkled like distant stars.

A man with five children, a fireless cooker and a photograph depending upon him for support should keep out of motorboats and not attempt to tamper with any sort of machinery more complicated than a lawn mower.

Hot Weather Verse.

No coats or shirts were worn
In the good old days of Adam,
To keep cool it was not a chore.
In the good old days of Adam.
And right good sense the folks displayed.
When in his leaves they were arrayed,
When it's a hundred in the shade,
I wish us had folks had 'em.

A Card of Thanks.

The thanks of the author is due to the friends who so generously supplied him with this week. For some time he has had to raise an umbrella in the front room when a shower came up, while his back was making her way from the cook stove to the cupboard in a gasoline launch. The baby is an expert swimmer, and is very much excited by the fact that her aquarium has been closed up. But thanks for the shingles and the putting on the roof. The lumber trust unconsciously donated the shingles and the operation was performed by admiring friends. Their generosity and kindness shall never be forgotten.

Voice of the People

The Truth of the Bible.
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir,—The world moves, and even religious thought is no exception to the law of evolutionary change. In Saturday's paper your contributor, "Franklin," voices the thoughts of many of us who have grown out of the old belief that the Bible is infallible. That it was intended to be taken literally.

I was raised on the Bible, and I recognize the innumerable value of it as the greatest book, and that it is not to be criticized lightly, for it is the voice of the Past speaking to us; it is the Word of God in a broad sense. In this beautiful setting of symbolic poetry and barbaric history of the Semite peoples, we find the true philosophy of life, written by fallible human hands. The Bible is made up of many books, which were written by many different men, and it sums up and measures the moral growth of mankind up to the time that the Judea law was proclaimed by Moses.

Jesus, the son of Mary, added to

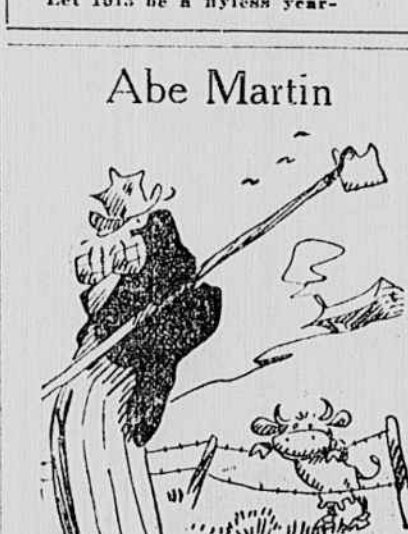
FLIES!

Horse manure is the principal hatching place for flies.

It can be made sterile with coal oil, carbolic acid, copperas water or dry loam by mixing thoroughly.

Horsemen, stablemen, gynecers of horses and sanitary inspectors, pay attention! Cut this out.

Let 1913 be a flyless year—



Constable Newt Plum has stopped the dice game at the seagay store, but there still seem plenty of aces in the Little Gem. The bride's father never cried at the wedding.

A BOY IN SUMMER TIME.

By John T. McCutcheon.

(Copyright, 1913, By John T. McCutcheon.)



"Gee! I wonder if those green apples did it."

the law of Moses what was needed to bring the code "up to date," that is, he gave expression to the advance of human thought and morality up to the Christian era. But who should God stop inspiring people to write, since He has given us the light of knowledge to guide us? He has not stopped, and there are many books in the Bible that have exactly the same power of inspiration behind them.

Walter Rauschenbusch has written a book that made me stop and think many times when I read it last week. It is entitled, "Christianity and the Social Crises."

It is written in words of authority and power, and has already attracted much attention from thinking men. The first day I read it, the church of today has not kept pace with the social growth of the people. To quote his words in the preface: "Western civilization is passing through a social revolution unparalleled in history for scope and power. Its coming was inevitable. The religious, political and intellectual revolutions of the past five centuries, which, together created the modern world, necessarily had to culminate in an economic and social revolution such as is now upon us. By universal consent, this social crisis is the overshadowing problem of our generation."

Why should good men fear the light of truth shed on the Bible? Can it surely survive the test, and its true value will be greatly increased. As "Franklin" says, "shaketh off of everything, and let the light of knowledge shine for all men. The duty of the church in the year 1913 is to translate the Christian philosophy of Jesus into terms of to-day, as Jesus translated the Judea law for the Roman world. To fail in this is to fail utterly."

Charlotteville.

Criticizes Virginia's Leadership.
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir,—The endless rounds of life and death pervade the entire domain of existence. The end of one is the beginning of the other. The seed dies, and the plant comes to life. Through death we have life. So what ceases to be has really just begun. This same law reaches up into the realm of mind and governs its governing activities, and recurring, declines in an age of ignorance will breed an intellectual genius, while an epoch of intellectual diffusion is almost surely to be followed by a period of mental lethargy.

Tyranny, despotism, oppression will evolve a revolution, and out of the womb of those great upheavals emerge republics. Liberty is born of despotism, and the tyrant may be sure he will garner in his own tyranny. Virginia produced a Lee, a Jefferson, a Henry in harmony with this immutable law. In the coils of English oppression, grew the American flower of freedom. This tiny seed lay obscure in the crushing folds of that mighty oppressor, whose insatiable thirst for power and domination, pallid under the injustice it inflicted. The names of those great Virginians are known wherever freedom is, and also where freedom is not. But they are gone, and it has been a long, long time since a man from Virginia has "the voice" and gave a response that encircled the globe. Resting supinely on past records, Virginia retired to her boudoir and pulled down the shades for a long night. Now she stands forty-third among the States in education, and in many other ways is far from the vanguard.

In the clutches of an avaricious political machine, whose sole purpose has been to fatten its own fortunes, Virginia for a long time has dwarfed its progress and cast aside its progressive and efficient statesmen. There was a time when the eyes of the nation sought Virginia for leadership, but no one is looking in this direction now. To get an idea of the political acumen, consider the electorate in the last senatorial contest. What does the outside world think of a people who go so wide of the mark? It seems to me every transpiration is necessary. To get an idea of the political acumen, consider the electorate in the last senatorial contest. What does the outside world think of a people who go so wide of the mark? It seems to me every transpiration is necessary.

Richmond.

FRANKLIN.

Queries and Answers
Various.

Does one commonly register his wife and himself at a hotel? Are hotel charges commonly payable in advance? Are there any unoccupied gold claims still in the United States? Where may I get information about such locations?

SUSCHTER.
(1) John Smith and wife. (2) If the "guests" are unknown and have no

baggage. (3) Yes. (4) The Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C.

Relief.
Whom did General Reille, aide to Napoleon, marry? MISS H. A daughter of Marshall Massena.

Confederate Camps.
How many "camps" of Confederate Veterans are there now? About what is the annual income of the organization? INQUIRY. SEMPLE. 1,150. The receipts for last year were \$5,540.

School for Colored Boys.
Can you give the address of the school for colored boys in Louisiana County? INQUIRY. SEMPLE. Not Louisiana. Address is Haver Courthouse, Va.

Electric Current.
Has an alternating current of 104 volts any tendency to draw a person to it from a distance of three feet? "CHAS. T. YANNEY."

There may be some "tendency," but none that the person would probably be aware of.

A Puzzle.
An article weighs sixteen pounds when placed on one side of a falsely balanced scale and nine pounds when placed on the other. What is the true weight? A. N. MERKER.

The mean proportional between sixteen and nine, found by multiplying them and taking the square root of the product. This will give twelve pounds.

The Army of the Dead.
Lately I heard the statement in a sermon that if all the people ever on the earth were here now there would not be standing room for them. Can this be true? T. T. T.

If the sermon was in a Richmond pulpit the preacher was probably an ardent advocate of expansion. The statement belongs in the category of that occasional bird which used to aid the popular counsel of eternity by rubbing a casual bark once in a thousand years against the trunk of a mountainous mountain of adamant. The utmost condition which orthodox Bible readers could claim would be the existence through about 6,000 years of a population of say 1,000,000,000 from the first day till now. Allowing three generations to the century and supposing that every person lived to maturity, what was the total number of feet and a width of two feet, the total would be 18,000,000,000 for whom graves of the size of six by six feet would be provided in any of the States of about 30,000 square miles. Kansas would furnish burial ground for the race, or Utah would, even on the extravagant estimate taken above.

Harper's Magazine.
I have about twenty bound volumes of Harper's Monthly in excellent condition. Can you tell me what they are worth? MISS R. T. W.

You cannot get more than about 60 cents a volume for them, and it would not be easy to get that.

The Old Messenger.
Please give the date of Dr. Minor's control of the Southern Literary Messenger and of John R. Thompson's control. What was Thompson's middle name? What was the general literary value of the magazine? T. R. F.

(1) July 15, 1843, to the October number, 1847, from the November number in 1847 through May, 1860. (2) Reuben. (3) This would be matter of opinion. The Messenger contained a great deal of excellent value and much that was pretty bad.

Echoes of the Reunion.
Please inform me on what day of the week the sponsors' parade took place in the last Confederate reunion at Chattanooga. I need to know in order to fix a date. MISS. P. F. G.

The afternoon of Tuesday, May 27.

Gladstone's "Book of Ages."
Is the employment of the nominative for the vocative in Gladstone's version of "Book of Ages," Jesus, pro periphrastic, a proper one? T. T. T.

Perfectly. The two cases are in Latin identical in form except in one stroke of a class of nouns, and as to these the nominative is freely—or pretty

freely—used for the vocative. You may see it in Livy, i. 24, "Audi tu Populus Albanus," and in viii. 9, "Pontifices publici," and in Persius, i. 61, "O patricius sanguis," and elsewhere.

An Address.
Please give the address of Andrew Carnegie. A. B. COOK.

2 East Ninety-first Street, New York City.

Deduct.
Please write the verb "deduct" in different sentences to show its meaning. E. N.

It has no meaning except "to subtract." Deduct three dollars from the bill, etc. You may be confusing the similar form "deduce."

Authors.
Please give me the name of the author of the novel, "Sir Ralph Esher," and of the author of the song, "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Bow." W. I. THOMPSON.

Leish Hunt, Allan Cunningham wrote the song, "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Bow." Possibly you have your title mixed.

Youth's Companion.
Please give the address of the Youth's Companion. MISS H. Boston, Mass., is address enough.

Spring.
What is theoretically the perfect spring for an automobile body? E. S. A.

Any sort might be "theoretically" perfect. Leaf springs with sufficient room to absorb every possible jar or coil springs long enough to do so would be perfect.

COAL OPERATORS GIVE THEIR SIDE

Place Burden of Blame for Labor Trouble on Union Organizers.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]
Washington, September 3.—The coal operators gave their side of the trouble in the West Virginia coal strike district before the Senate investigating committee to-day. The burden of their testimony was that the trouble had been brought about by attempts of the United Mine Workers to unionize the Cabin Creek and Paint Creek Districts. Until these attempts were made there had been no trouble in the coal fields.

M. T. Davis, president of the Cabin Creek Consolidated Coal Company; R. W. Davis, general manager of that company; R. V. Twobig, manager of the stores of the company; E. W. Knight, of Charleston, W. Va., attorney for the operators, and Walter S. Wood, general manager of the Standard and Splint Company, were on the stand to-day. The hearing will be continued to-morrow morning.

M. T. Davis testified that the operators had done everything in their power to prevent the unionizing of the miners, and after the strike had begun had made every effort to protect their property from destruction. He declared that the mine owners had not brought machine guns into the district until they had been informed that the strikers had procured high-powered guns.

Walter S. Wood testified that the mine guard had not been used to terrorize miners. He said that there had been no violence until after strikers had been brought to the mine.

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